

MAN WHY YOU EVEN GOT TO DO A THING



your host
—Ed E. Haskell—

That is what it would
look like if he was
hella mean

**editor's
hello
corner**



the SEX issue!

Ain't no one looks meaner than I do in this new picture don't you think. Anyhow this new issue is the SEX issue because we know people got a lotta problems with sex and also a lotta interest in the subject in general. I was like, "Sex? Can't say enough on the subject," and I called all my editors and writers and called out for some rolled sandwiches and pretty soon we had topics and actually I am the only editor and writer except for sometimes Téodor. Enjoy the SEX issue. —EEH

IN THIS ISSUE!

TODAY'S PORNS: AN EXPLORATION

A critical academic analysis of main porn trends, sure to get you so hot that you keel over and die

TOP SONGS TO MAKE LOVE TO

You can make love, and you can make love to a song, but you cannot make love with a song.

PLUS you get to read the following!

NEW SEX POSITIONS (LIST, NO DIAGRAMS)

EROTIC FICTION

FACIAL EXPRESSIONS FROM DURING SEX

HOW TO PLEASE A WOMAN IN EVERY WAY

by Ray Smuckles

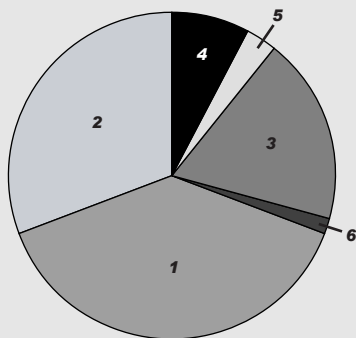
AN INTERVIEW WITH PETER H. "NICE PETE"

CROPS

A CHAT WITH A LOCAL SEX EXPERT FROM HIGH

SCHOOL

Q: "HOW OFTEN DO YOU HAVE SEX?"



Source: telephone calls to strangers in this town

LEGEND: Size of wedge of pie represents how long they talked for

1. "Basically way too little I mean I am cranky all the day and well into the night and even my dreams are filled with like little movies of me being mad while a lady scrunches up her face in horror upon my advances"
2. "Man I get it on so often ain't got no time to soften bring dem hoes to my coffin for some posthumous boffin"
3. "Heh! One time less than I'd like, dammit! YOU HEAR THAT, CHERI? OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T! YOU NEVER HOME, BITCH! Ha ha. I'm drunk, you know."
4. "Ha ha man are you crazy man this is hilarious are you crazy are you serious who is this"
5. "Oh god damn you people"
6. "Shutup[CLICK]"

IT PAYS TO HAVE WORD ABILITY

Enrich — and BECOME rich — by using vocabulary!

DAD: I'm going to kill all of you! ALL of you!

SMALL PLATE OF SAUSAGES: [silent]

DAD: [tucks napkin into collar]

This Week's Words!

GRENU-CON

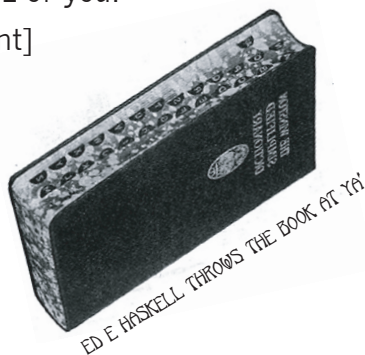
(*Proper noun*) This is a convention that I imagine happens inside a massive log-shaped building every year, where elves and gremlins and orcs gather to meet the losers that put them on the map. Some of the losers have diabetes-leg and can't walk up the flight of stairs to the entrance, so there are some tables outside; however, most of the losers have booths indoors and areas for photo-ops.

plimp-ticket

(*conceptual noun*) This has mainly to do with fat, juicy boneless skinless chicken breasts grilled over real slow coals so that they don't overcook and dry out. If a dude or female cook can make a nice, fresh grilled chicken breast turn out tender and juicy yet fully-cooked, they are said to have the PLIMP-TICKET. This is not limited to grilling only: it also extends to poaching, and, to a lesser extent, simmering.

hail Barry

(*verb*) When you hail Barry you are scheming to not have to drive to or from a party. This is based on creating rides from guys who you know will be sober and going in your general direction. A master of the hail Barry will actually say all kinds of stuff about treating everyone to Jack in the Box on the way home, but then fall into a deep sleep upon getting in the car.



commode-o dragon

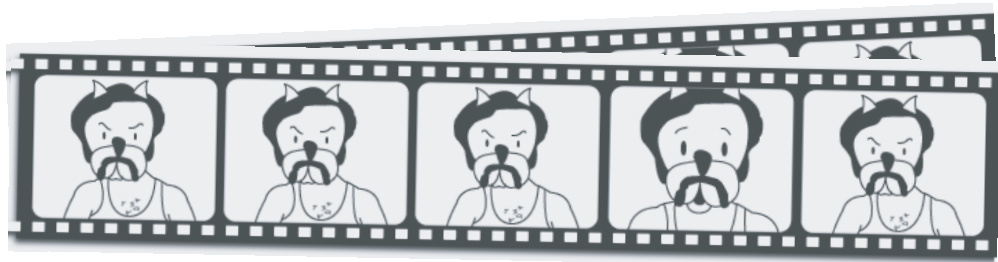
(*activity*) Everyone knows that a Komodo Dragon is the biggest, worst lizard of the modern day. But this is not like that. This is when you take a length of toilet paper, knot one end around the seat of a public or private toilet, and leave the tail of the paper hanging in the water. This causes the water to creep up the tail through osmosis and turn the knot into a big lousy mess that someone has to clean up. A very small trick from beginner punk rock days when it was hard to tell what was more Mr. Wizard and what was more Sid Vicious.

poerk

(*noun*) The cut of pork that is used for sweet and sour pork at a Chinese restaurant. It is kind of knob-shaped and guaranteed to have a big piece of gristle on one side and you don't ever want to cut through the batter and examine it because it will be this shade of gray that just makes your stomach turn to the left and puke back into itself. If you order sweet and sour chicken, the cut of chicken that is used is the **side of the head**.

An Interview with Nice Pete

by Ed E. Haskell



It was a warm morning. I went over to Pat's, to sit with Nice Pete and get his ideas on paper. He was a kind host, and he poured Peach Titus, of his own family recipe, into tall glasses full of ice. His manner was calm, and he was professional. He grew on me. I expect he will grow on you, as well, despite things.

ME: Hello Pete. Pat says you saw the last issue of my 'zine and that you mentioned you might like to contribute to the new issue.

NP: That's right. I was pleased to see you writing about the community, and I was pleased at your free and easy style. I thought we could talk. Just in general. I had the idea that it would be... [thinks] ...fun.

ME: Well yes it often is fun we often get up to lots of fun. I...it looks like you mixed us a beverage?

NP: Oh that is my Peach Titus, you must try it. It is an old family recipe. Please, have a glass [pours].

ME: [sips] Oh that is delicious that is simply divine.

NP: Thank you. [leans in toward my face] *Do you want to correct it?*

ME: I...no, definitely not. It is good.

NP: Okay, then. I like to correct mine depending on the peaches [takes out sugar packet from diner, sprinkles in a modest amount of granules].

ME: So my first question is what kind of career interests you most.

NP: I always thought I would like to be an

electrician, in a rainstorm, a deluge if you will. I would like to restore power to people. People almost cannot live without power these days. I guess I want to...have power over power?

ME: [terrified about whether or not to laugh] I see.

NP: ...Interesting. Also, there are men who run trout farms. Often these are paired with worm farms, where worms are grown for bait. I was never afraid of the worm tables, the way many boys were. I could work a worm table, or ideally, a large number of worm tables. A capable man can handle I think up to six dozen tables a day.

NP: A good worm is a penny. He shouldn't cost much more than that. There are about six hundred market worms on a table.

ME: So that's six dollars per table, multiplied by seventy-two tables, that's 432 dollars, if you sell all the worms.

NP: The styrofoam cups are a cost, the cups they are sold in.

ME: That can't be too high.

NP: Four hundred and thirty-two dollars. I don't know. I don't think a man should have that much money.

IN HIS OWN WORDS

It was not a good place, where I am from, not exactly. It was unclear, each day, why you were there, and every day was a fight to understand why you had to care. The codes of society were a real terror for me. One day you could beat a boy, but the next day you could beat a different boy and be punished? *Why.*

ME: Wow how much cash does six dozen worm tables yield?

NP: [grows icily silent]

ME: I'm sorry I mean I got no business analyzin' your finances or anything. I apologize.

NP: I had never thought of that. How much "cash yield."

ME: I'm sorry I didn't mean to debase your business by making it all about money. It just seemed-

ME: Interesting. Do you believe that money leads to corruption?

NP: It is said.

ME: Okay. So maybe you could donate the money to a charity, or reinvest it in your company, to build more tables and hire more tenders.

NP: But if I had more tables, there would be more money. [cocks head to side] I don't like what you are *saying*.

ME: I'm sorry I can take it all back I mean I —

NP: Yes, that would be good. Take it back.

ME: I take back what I said about growing the worm farm too much. That was out of control. I need to have more control over myself.

NP: See that you do. It would be smart.

ME: I will. Is there anything else you want to talk about?

NP: How are you enjoying your Peach Titus?

ME: Oh it's perfect the flavors are real natural.

NP: [chuckles] If you ask me, this needs a heap of correction. These peaches were nowhere near ready. I only picked them because I wanted to offer a refreshment.

ME: Oh you didn't have to go to that trouble just for me I mean I am real happy with plain simple tap water.

NP: No, no you aren't. If you think about it, tap water does not make a man happy. I don't want you to say things like that when you don't need to. It was my decision to make the Peach Titus, to treat you well.

ME: Well why don't I try it with some correction the way you do it.

NP: Just a touch, just a sprinkle. Give it a stir and let it intensify for thirty seconds or so.

ME: [corrects Peach Titus with sugar] There we go. Real nice. I had no idea it could get more delicious.

[sound of loud screech in garage as tires come to a halt, sound of garage door lowering, Pat's voice yells "FASTER! FASTER! GET THE FUCK DOWN! SHUT THE FUCK DOWN YOU FUCKING DOOR!"]

NP: Patrick is home.

ME: Yeah sounds like he might need help sounds like he is in the soup.

NP: I'm not helping him right now. We are waiting for an agreement that we don't have yet.

ME: [sirens approach the house from several directions] Yeah uh would you mind if we did follow-up questions later because it sounds like I shouldn't be in the way right now.

NP: I had a real nice time Roast Beef, thank you for coming over. I liked talking to you about your magazine.

ME: Me too it was great okay I will just hop over the corner fence here [helicopter locks on property and trees start to shake under the violent air displacement] BYE NOW!

NP: [waves from lawn chair, then springs up with incredible speed and disappears in a streak over fence on opposite side of yard]

PARTING SHOT/ QUICK WISDOM:

"Check a man's features
for perfidy and disgrace.
He will wear them plainly
if he has come by them
honestly."

—*Peter H. Cropes*
Achewood, CA
July 2006

How to Please a Woman in Every Way

*Guest column by
Ray Smuckles*



Listen, men. We got to face it. Women ain't at all the same way as us. The main thing I've figured out is that women think a lot harder about everything. This ain't to say that they're right due to longer reasoning cycles. It takes me about half a second to know that, when someone asks me what I want for lunch, I want a Burrito Supreme with Fire Sauce. Ask a woman that question, and she will weigh pros and cons and consider all her other options before saying, "you know, I'll have the Burrito Supreme with Fire Sauce. Wait—can I get that without sour cream?"

In the end, the woman orders the dish with less fat, but that is the only difference. Mine tastes superior, but I know better than to say so.

Armed with this "they think harder about stuff" idea, let's approach the topic of this article, which is how to please a woman in every way. Believe me, it helps to have a thesis. Often times I have written an entire essay without a thesis, only to have the

whole thing go nowhere and everyone is frustrated with me and what I have done.

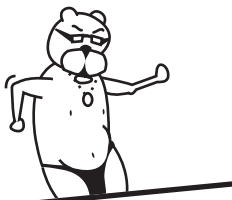
POTENTIAL SITUATION ONE: YOU ARE GOING TO BE AT A STORE WITH A LADY

If you're like me, i.e. you are a man, you like to go to a store, get a thing, and get the damn hell out of there before your brain explodes with boredom and frustration. Even if I'm at a shop that sells things I like, such as fine wristwatches and French cologne, I need to get out of there immediately. My hand is visibly shaking as I swipe the credit card. Women are different. They want to linger in the store for as long as possible, perhaps to see what happens when the lease is up. They stand over every single item in the store, running through a mental list of upcoming birthdays. They look at a nice stuffed animal or kitchen topiary and think about their friends, trying to remember if anyone has had a bad breakup recently. Women have this directive where when they see anything at a store, they have to think of who it's for. It's like a puzzle to them, and if they don't get to solve it, they yell at you.

With that in mind, what can you, as the guy, do to please your lady in this situation?

Be patient. If you already think you're being patient, be twice as patient. Believe

**Try this stuff, and
do what I say!**



©Photoshop



me, you're not being patient enough. And have a little understanding.

POTENTIAL SITUATION TWO: YOU ARE TAKING A LADY OUT TO LUNCH

If you're like me, you wear nice clothes when you go out to eat. Pressed, fresh, fashionable stuff. A lady is the same way. Only, she cares that your level of dressy-ness is the same as her level of dressy-ness. This ain't to say that I am so oblivious as to go out in a tuxedo when my lady just has on some gingham halter and cutoffs. The lady will compare every aspect of your dress — shoes, pants, top, finishing accessories — to hers, and if you're sporting slick black Ferragamos to her no-name casual flats, this hurts her. She feels that she looks like some tramp you just picked up along the side of a railroad yard. I'm serious about this.

So, you want to please your woman in this situation? Before you go out, ask what she's wearing, and get down to every detail.

You'll be speaking her language, and she'll appreciate it. Then, match your outfit accordingly. I don't mean wear some strappy Mary Janes and that perfect little black dress; I mean wear a comparable level of sophistication. Is she wearin' Mary Janes? You can wear nice leather sandals (but not flip flops, or she will feel overdressed and push her food around the plate for half an hour while looking nervously around the room). Is she wearin' a cutoff denim skirt? Don't wear slacks, and a Von Dutch or Puma trucker hat is OK.

These rules are simple, and once you try them a few times, they'll come naturally to you. Now get out there and please a lady...*in every way!*

Join Ray once in a while at www.achewood.com/raysplace.php where he regularly takes on your questions in the form of advice. Ray's Place has run more or less continuously since April of 2003.



TOP SONGS TO MAKE LOVE TO

compiled from around my *place*

compiled by ed e. haskell

TODD T. SQUIRREL

"Songs mess me up! I always s-s-start thinkin' about the guitar solo and wonderin' when it's comin' up and I f-f-forget about the fUcKin'!"

[Dear Reader. What do you think of our new system of masking profanity by alternating upper and lower cases. Do you think the children will catch on. Is there hope for the children.]

[Dear Reader. As mentioned in the past, Todd has a simple body with only like three to five nerve endings.]

RAYMOND Q. SMUCKLES

"I know this ain't gonna sound like me, but I really think that the best song to make love to is Bikini Girls With Machine Guns by The Cramps, this old-aSs campy punk outfit that was originally outta Akron. You might think that I would dig into some predictable Barry White or Vandross, but girls know all that stuff. Bikini Girls is a way crazy track, but it is fun and catches the girl off guard, and she will do a tequila shot because it sounds almost kitschy enough to be popular. Before you know it I will have talked her into wearing a crushed velvet cowboy hat and pigtails. After that, you have to use your imagination, because I

am drawing the curtain of this interview slowly acrosssss myyyy FAAAAAAAAAAACE!"

ROAST BEEF [from tape recording which he promised to not let anyone edit, and forbid it besides]

"If you ask me that question I mean I guess I would say the answer is that the best song for a private time of man and lady is Centerfield by John Fogerty I mean that song has a real good beat and positive attitude about a guy who just wants to get to do his best. I mean I would never drown the clown to that song but in an ideal situation that is the kind of song that America should make love to. It would be great if all across America people in bedrooms were fUcKiN' to John Fogerty's Centerfield.

TÉODOR OREZSCU

Billy Idol once said that the song he lost his virginity to was "Mony Mony" by Tommy James & The Shondelles. I learned that when I was about eight years old, and ever since I've sort of involuntarily considered that the standard backdrop for any lovemaking experience. I guess it's a good thing that the young me didn't hear Morrissey claim that he had lost his virginity to a wax cylinder of Proust reading "Remembrance of Things Past," or else I'd be an entirely

different person today, and probably work at a college.

PETER CROPE

I guess you are talking about virginity, about ceremony. Oh my goodness well ain't that a private time in a man's life. I don't know that I would set music to the situation, or that anyone would have wanted to hear any. As I recall there was no radio in the room, and I was not asked my opinion about that or much of anything, really. It's my guess that music has little business in a place of congress.

TODD T. SQUIRREL

I t-take it back! "Enter Sandman"! Oh, man! I just heard it on the way outta the interview an' it ROCKS! I totally forgot!

PAT REYNOLDS

I won't comment on this gross and indecent question except to say that you are a gross and indecent man and you ain't come too far since high school days. Look at you all still publishing a tiny photocopy where you say just the dumbest opinions. You think this is a way? You can't do this. This is stupid. I bet it ends after one more try. *[Pat leaves the room, at which point I imagine that he has an avocado in his colon.]*

CORNELIUS BEAR

The Ramones. [Okay, I have to admit I tricked Cornelius into pronouncing "The Ramones." I didn't even ask him the interview question. I just held a CD up to him and said "what does this say."]

stone funk
record label
of the year



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Ray Smuckles!
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Ed E. Haskell's

Colossopendium of New, Revolutionary Sex Positions



Stick of Nitroglycerin

As everyone knows, a stick of nitroglycerin is extremely dangerous, likely to explode at the slightest scrape or movement. In this position, the lady treats your "companion" like it could blow up at any moment, and moves extremely slow and careful as you lay on your back and "have wood." It is extremely important that she is nervous, and has shop goggles on. If either of you talks, the other person has to say "ssssh!"

The Sugar Loaf

The man lies on his side under a single white sheet, curled in the fetal position. The sheet is tucked pretty tightly around him. He is in the middle of the bed. When he hears the lady come into the room, he quietly says, "don't you want to examine this sugar loaf?"

The Gammalon

This is the only sex position believed in by the Church of Scientology. It is said to lead to superior offspring. The principle is that by lying on one's back on a large ball or convex mattress, with the man's "companion" being the highest point of the body, only his strongest seed are able to scale the heights. This concept is easily disproven when one considers that seed are always scaling that height whenever the dude is on his back, not just when he's on a dome-shaped mattress.

The Stick It To Ya

Not as raunchy or straightforward as

it would seem, this position is actually all about the lady. There is almost no literal "sticking" of "it" to anyone. In fact there is no penetration of any kind. This position is bad. It is pretty weird for the couple. In this position, the lady dies and the man is forced to grapple with the tragedy alone. They may not even be at the same place when she passes. He may hear about it on the phone.

The Thief

"Where is my purse?" she screams.

"Oh, I'll tell you!" he teases, chiding her.

"I'll tell you right where it is!"

"Wait, are you a thief?!" the lady screams.

"Yes," he says. "I'm!"

This is the "position" that opens **BROAD STREET MUNCHERS** (1992). The characters are in this awkward position, with really bad dialogue and a brutally unmotivated upcoming transition to sexual interest in one another. Try it with your lady and the preceding script (print two copies, highlight her parts). It is among the worst skin flicks of the 90s.

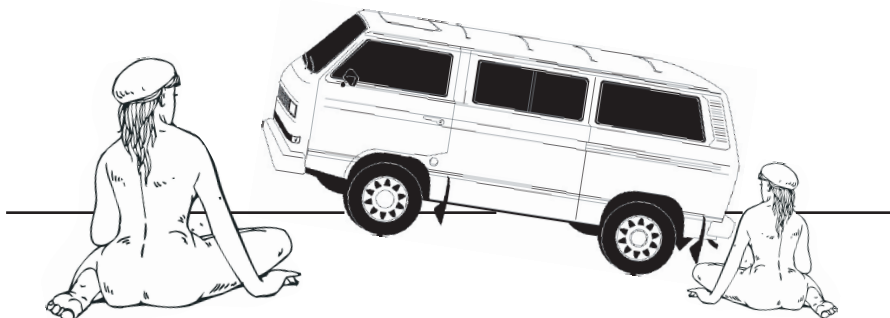
Swich Ywf-Cockere

The sex position favored by medieval lords in England. The recipe calls for:

I b. swich, fresshe parsly lyf
I jowle fresshe-slayd swyne
Baul't hot licour to compleat

Instruction: Why! baul'ng the jowle yn the licour, satisfy yourselfe with a maeden or swepe-bitch. Toss jowle with parsly ynd serv whyn baul'd to wothynesse.

Erotic *Fiction*



by Ed E. "Steam Keys" Haskell

J-Boy laid back on the couch, naked as hell, and twice as horny. Maria, insane with ass, did Miami claps with her booty. This made J-Boy say that she was so hot. The words came out of his mouth before he knew what was happening. She had her perfectly identical breasts going this way and that. It was about eighty-five degrees, and their bodies naturally produced a cooling layer of sweat.

J-Boy took a hit of marijuana from a small bong shaped like a chisel-tip marker. He liked to think that if the police ever came to his house, they would just see the bong as a school supply. He blew the smoke up in Maria's

face, only she wasn't there. She had gone to turn up the music on the CD player. It

*"He sucked down
a Molson, and
then another, for
energy. For fun."*

was Jah Rhyme's ultra-club mix of Da Riggy, fast and pulsing with beats. He set the bong aside to a place where it was unlikely to get knocked over and spill its smelly water on the floor, as that would ruin the sex energy of the room.

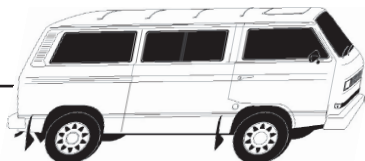
Maria came back over to the couch, only he was no longer there. She heard sounds coming from the apartment's small kitchen. If she knew anything, she knew that that was where he had gone. The apartment had three rooms, and was hard to hide in. Also, why would he hide from her? He wouldn't. He had said so, earlier, when she had shown up at his door.

She walked her sexy legs into the kitchen, and saw that he was breaking some eggs into a pan. The microwave showed that it was cooking something for thirty minutes, so she asked about that. Oh, he said. That was supposed to be three minutes. My bad.

The eggs sizzled in the pan. He pointed to a poster for a movie that had been out about twelve years ago. The movie had been adapted from a novel his grandpa

had written, he said. She looked at the poster. "From a novel by Sheldon Handler," part of the credits read. J-Boy's last name was Handler? She hadn't known.

J-Boy ate a snack of eggs, cooked a little too long so that they had brown lacy crust on both sides, and microwaved hashbrown potatoes, which were clearish-white and extremely sticky. He sucked down a Molson, and then another, for energy. For fun. They hadn't been in the fridge yet, and so they foamed a bunch: *aww yeah*. He watched twelve minutes of Breed All About It on Animal Planet and fell asleep. In the bathroom, Maria Googled his family on his wireless laptop. Then she looked at MySpace pages of people who had an interest in his grandfather's novel. ■



FANTASY... QUESTIONNAIRE

with your editor
Ed E. Haskell



1. WHICH MOVIE STAR DID YOU UNTIL NOW SECRETLY HAVE A MORE-THAN-FRIENDS FANTASY ABOUT?

Todd Squirrel

That f-f-fuckin' skunk from B-B-Bambi! That chick had ass! Flower? Wazzat the b-b-bitch's name? I could h-h-haul that noise down onna the mattress!

Lyle Gabriel

Asia Carrera (not secret), Chyna (not secret), Nanking (tattoo)

Téodor Orezscu

Molly Ringwald, Joan Cusack, Mia Sara, Elizabeth Berridge, Siouxsie Sioux (all peaked ca. 1986 - editor)

Ray Smuckles

Queen Latifah, Queen Latifah, Queen Latifah. Queen Latifah on a plane, Queen Latifah on a train. Queen Latifah in a box, Queen Latifah with a fox (?). Queen Latifah in the dark, Queen Latifah in the rain. Kirstie Alley.

Roast Beef Kazenzakis

Amanda Plummer, Cynthia Nixon, Judy Greer

Cornelius Bear

Hedy Lamarr, Cloris Leachman, Candice Bergen, Cybill Shepherd, Lauren Graham (cf. *blog* 4/2005)

Molly Sanders

D. B. Sweeney, Harry Dean Stanton, Lyle Lovett

Lie Bot

Jane Fonda, Twizzlers



■ Today's Porns: An Exploration

Now we gettin'
scientific here



By Ed. E. Haskell, MFCC, MCSE

Alright so this is a top-level subject that don't get a lot of play at main levels of newspapers and such as 60 Minutes TV news wrapup-type shows. It is a study of the main porns of this day and age. Everybody who reads this article already knows all this stuff, I'm just writing it down to help get perspective on the sexy activity which is sex.

PORN TYPE 1: Naked Lady Photo Porn

In this kind of porn, a lady is naked and sometimes she has on a provocative outfit like a tool belt or shoes. She doesn't do anything or touch stuff. She does nice poses and most likely you don't see the No-no or the Hush. That is kept secret.

PORN TYPE 2: The Naked Lady in Action by Self

In this type, the naked lady often will use a gawgaw, gimcrack, gizmo or gadget on her Hush (on rarer and more nasty occasions the gawgaw will be used on the No-no). She will squeeze her tomatoes and act like she is licking them for some reason. Sometimes she is in the shower, and you can see if she has had kids. You can also tell whether the photographer had a good camera or a cheap one that could not catch falling water crisply.

PORN TYPE 3: A Guy Is There

This is a "border" porn, pioneered by old-school paper magazines. A guy will be there, but you never see his prime-time finger, and often times the lady tears his shirt (ALWAYS a horizontally striped black/white tank top) before they act like they are pressing themselves together. The lady is so tan that her nipples are pretty much the same color as her tan skin. This kind of porn is VERY ineffective.

PORN TYPE 3.5: Uh Oh the Guy is Showing

The man's crudget is showed, but it is just hanging there, unactivated. Often the man and the lady French a lot, and later there is pressing, and after that everyone looks really relieved.

PORN TYPE 4: I'm Still Confused About This One

Why did Penthouse start showing ladies powdering their noses? What did I miss? I did not get the man-memo that it is rad to have a lady powder her nose onto you. I still have the older, conservative opinion that having a lady powder her nose onto you is far from an ideal situation, particularly if you have carpet instead of hardwood floors.

PORN TYPE 5: "Moving Pictures."

As we move into the world of moving pictures, we get pretty normal stuff, just workaday plumpy-bumpin'. Fortunately, modern directors have abandoned the idea that their viewers require some kind of "plot" in order to feel that the plumpy-bumpin' is worth watching. These days, the plumpy-bumpin' lives or dies on its own merits.

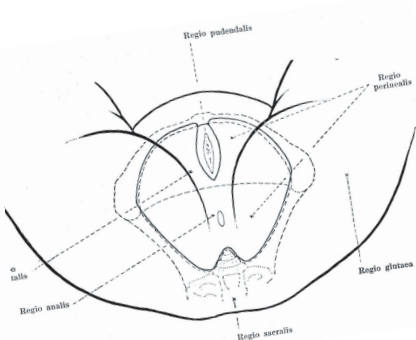


PORN TYPE 6: "Babe? This is Carter. Like we talked about?"

At this level, another dude shows up to be with the main dude and lady. This ain't your typical "Handicam we got as a wedding present along with the wedding present of a bottle of tequila" type of video; this type of video actually indicates a lifestyle choice. Carter is usually a skinnier dude who is kind of cut and has a few elaborate, unfinished tattoo outlines.

PORN TYPE 7: I'm Mean

At this level, the guys are no longer satisfied by having Carter around, so in addition to being horny, they also act like jerks. They spit into their girlfriend's mouth for some reason, and slap her ass cheek a lot and tell her to say things about how little she learned at school. ("Oooh...yeahhhh...ooh...I didn't learn anything...I barely know anything...") This is an odd point where the behavior is kind of conflicting. Not for everyone.



PORN TYPE 8: Tricks & Specialties

After the mean stuff is just a lot of plastic devices for a while. You definitely don't want to eat off of plates or drink out of glasses that came out of these peoples' dishwasher on Monday morning.

PORN TYPE 9: Germans

This is weird. There will be a guy and lady doing Porn Type 5, just regular bedroom workaday plumpy-bumpin', and obviously they are speaking a little German instead of English. Then, when it is clear that the guy has finished, he runs out of the room, completely naked, and the camera cuts to the outside, where we see him jump naked into his car, peel out, and drive real fast down the street, taking the first corner. Virtually every German porn ends this way.

PORN TYPE 10: Italians

The guy is six days late for his "date," and when he finally shows up at the lady's apartment, he seems to have been arrested, with handcuffs on, and the police are holding him in the doorway. We cut to the lady: she is wearing only a g-string. Then there are close-ups of the policemen's eyes opening wide in "shock," and they wink a couple times at the naked lady. Pretty soon it's just what you'd expect.

talkin' with the sex guy

SERIES
"I'm Talkin' "
with Ed E. Haskell

Hey, every town has a sex guy. In our town he is named Matt Deckert and he has always known all the sex terms and how to get various kinds of people into the bed. Here I kick down with Matt one afternoon at the Smoke and we go over various folks and how to get them into the bed.

FOLK TYPE #1: Regular 30 year-old construction dude

ME: Alright Matt a few feet away on the left is a construction dude, all with white dusty jeans and a white t-shirt and a recently taken-off hat. He is totally having a Miller with his guys. How would I score with him.

MATT: Jeez, bro! A real brain-teaser for the Matt-machine! Okay, dude, just for laughs. I'd say straight boilermakers until he passed out. Then you could carb that ass. Ha ha! Get it?

FOLK TYPE #2: A young, new businessman

ME: Okay here is this young guy all in his pressed shirt and slacks, totally with a nice watch and recent hair. How can I DEFINITELY get him in the bed.

MATT: Dude, what's with this? All right, one more. Amaretto sours, dude, then a real hard one-two punch with a flaming Dr. Pepper, and an Everclear shot. Then you could do what you wanted.

FOLK TYPE #3: A military veteran who is at least sixty-eight, and is reading John le Carré.

ME: That dude needs a trip into the bag with me. What do I do?

MATT: Dude, what's up? You keep askin' me how to bang the boy-o's! What the fuuuuck, dude?

ME: If you don't know how then just say so. You are considered the main sex guy in this area, though, so I thought I'd give you the chance.

MATT: Dude, no one needs to lay that guy.

ME: I bet his opinion is the opposite of that.

MATT: Whatever. Who cares.

ME: Maybe nobody. Maybe not even me.

MATT: I'm goin' back for some snakebites, dude. You got a five?

ME: Yes.

CANE DAYS

Sexy things we hope we will say when we are old enough to have canes. From the Achewood Community.

TÉODOR: "When I was your age, I wish I'd used this thing." *[points to self]*

RAY: "Baby, we gonna make love old-school: hella confused and one of us has thin canvas shoes."

PAT: "SFM, atheist, vegan, Bach, Sibelius, sustainable agronomy."

ROAST BEEF: "Hey good lookin' if you think my cane is long you should see my list of dead friends"

MOLLY: "I was born with all the eggs I'll ever have, Sonny!"

PHILIPPE: "Hi there! Please pass the slices of bread!" [?]

LYLE: "Ahhh! Fucked every last one of 'em!"

TODD: Fuck ya! *[Editor: is this what Todd thinks is an "old" accent?]*

CORNELIUS: *[Cornelius already is old enough to have a cane so everything he says is Cane Days]*

BORDER _

IS THE WORD SEXY OR NOT

WORD	SEXY YES?	SEXY NO?
TUMESCENT	YES	
RICTUS		NO
CRENULATED		NO
ENLABIATED	YES	
FULMINATE		NO
ERUCT		NO
COPUMAMMARY	YES*	

*Copumammary refers to all sex-related thoughts, activities, products and terminology of, regarding, relating to, or stemming from either copulation or breasts.

FACES OF SEX VOLUME EIGHT



CENSORED



CENSORED



CENSORED



**These are all the latest
faces that people are
making during this
year's hottest acts.**

Seduction.

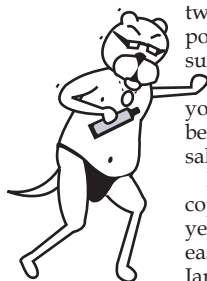
A thing from the local dudes. A look into a big issue of life. Time on loan from the men who have the main ideas.

Guest Columnist: Ray Smuckles

Seduction is a moving target, and it's different for every woman. The younger woman bares a little perfect skin, and smells nice. She casts a wider net. The more distinguished woman dresses crisp, and is in charge. She tells you when she's into you, and you stay the hell away until then, because she has a three-thousand dollar Chanel hat. A hat like that radiates a lot of information. If you try to seduce a woman in a hat, you better have some world-class game. If you don't, she'll just casually open her cell phone and start a conversation with someone while you're giving your lines. That checkmates a player, that destroys him.

You can definitely get with the younger woman. Just spend around twenty to fifty dollars in front of her, maybe on some food or something popular. Present her with a clean area where she can sit down. Make sure she is holding and eating food that you bought. This is a primal indicator that you are the daddy of her area. From there, the only way you can blow it is by not driving straight to your house and getting in the bed. If you go to a rose garden or public museum you are "going past the sale."

If the woman has a hat? Sorry, man. If you're reading this tiny photocopy magazine, you are not scoring any hat anytime soon. A forty-one year old woman has had it better, longer, and in countries you can't easily locate on a map. She is physically incapable of getting into your Japanese car and waiting at the gas station while you buy beer.



WHERE IS GUS

THE WEEKLY GAMBLING GAME

THIS WEEK —

200:1

At the
cement
company

3:1

At a
gradu-
ation

23:1

Seeing a
crime

10:1

Meeting a
tennis
champion

even

Cleaning
some
plates



This Week:
At a graduation!

Three-to-one payout for those who remembered that Gus's nephew Banvard just completed his academic degree at Haxcomb!

The Braebicus Dict

CHAPTER TWO



We now know that Jesus Christ was married to Mary Magdalene. But was it going well?



Jesus stood waiting while the man sliced thin, grilled lamb onto a piece of lavash. A little chopped lettuce, some scalded goat's cream, and he was in bliss. The anxiety of the morning fled from his memory as the hot, salty juices washed over his tongue. He knew the ideal follow-up treat for himself: a cup of honey beer at the brewer's stall by the harness counter. Today wasn't a day for coffee, not after a crappy morning like that. Maybe he'd meet up with Ezra and Yoav and hang out for a bit, talk about the stonecutting accident Yoav had seen at work earlier that week. They hadn't had a chance to really get all the gory details from him yet, and Jesus knew that he and Ezra both had been wondering about it in bed at night.

"Jesus!" cried a familiar voice. "What are you doing out this early?"

It was Ezra, just off his shift as a sentry at the city's treasury. Jesus shifted the hot meat roll into his left hand and offered his right.

"You've got cream on your cheek," offered Ezra, shaking. "That good? I'm thinking of getting one."

"Nah. Meat's old. Get a cheese roll at the brewer's—let's try and catch Yoav

before he goes to work. I still want to ask him about that accident."

"That's right! We never got the details! I still think about that like twice a day. Who was the guy?"

"Somebody from over in the Nathaza area, and not the nice part along the river. Yoav said the guy had three—"

"There you are, you sneak!" cried Mary, seizing Jesus by his sleeve. Ezra melted into the busy marketplace without so much as a wink.

Jesus shoved the rest of the roll into his mouth in one oversized bite, hoping to buy himself some time before he could be expected to answer any questions.

"I had plans for us this morning," she said. "Ducking out like that was really rude."

"Sorry," he moombled through a mouth full of food. "I'd had enough."

"I know, we've been really bad with each other lately. That's why I booked us some time with Jochebed. You're making us late."

Jesus felt like jamming a spoon into the side of his temple and falling ten reeds onto rocks. Was he about to get dragged into couples' therapy?

Mary confronted him, knowing he'd be opposed.

"You're really bold and compassionate when you're out talking with your friends," she said, having sat at his elbow through countless proselytizations, "but when it's just you and me you're really hard to connect with. You always make me feel like I'm just some thing that's in your way."

He knew what she was talking about. They'd been living together for a while, and nobody needed to impress anybody anymore. Things had gone slipping and neither was a paragon of hygiene, dietary restraint, or patience. But did they really need a therapist?

The hut's heavy purple curtains shook this way and that as their inhabitant fought his way through. Jochebed, a large, bearded man in a purple turban who offered his counsel to couples or small groups in crisis, spread his arms and hugged them individually, first Mary, then Jesus. Jesus found himself surprised at how calm he felt with the man. He'd expected to be on guard, yet he wasn't. He sensed that the man had been on his side since before they'd even arrived.

Jochebed motioned for them both to sit on the large guest pillow and began with what Jesus thought was a pretty nicely polished routine.

"So!" he began, sitting cross-legged on his own pillow and smoothing out his robes. "Jesus, Mary asked me if I could meet with the two of you. She really feels that you're having some rough patches as a couple, and that things could be better. Every couple has troubles. Couples...we get to be

this certain age, and we've been to school, and we've been apprenticed, and yet no one has ever trained us how to be in a *relationship*. It really is a skill. What I do is listen to people in relationships, and I help identify the trouble spots."

Jesus, tugging at his sandal, found something of a truth in this. Why indeed was one taught how to measure a circle and build a wall, but not how to live harmoniously in close quarters with someone who had a radically different set of glands and decorating goals?

Jochebed continued.

"So let's just start," he said. "Jesus, do you feel like there are some things in your relationship with Mary that could be improved?"

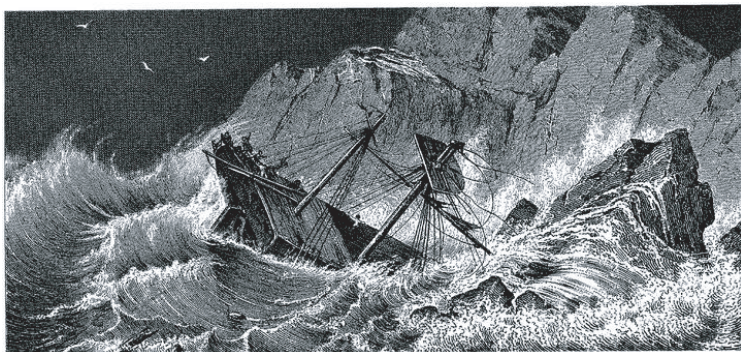
A good dozen things sprang immediately to mind, but none seemed worthy of this opening salvo. The noisy bedpan routine, the ugly hair too early in the morning, the slapping, the way the apartment was filling in from the walls with useless crap she thought was "fun," — what to say? This had to count, it seemed like it had to be their defining problem. He felt like he was putting on an act that he had to think about it and not answer spontaneously, so he said the first decent thing that didn't involve urine or hitting.

"I don't even remember why we're together."

Jochebed's lips set imperceptibly. Jesus had just neatly set the beast's head into his lap, about six months ahead of schedule, and he had to adjust his approach.

Chapter Three of The Braebicus Dict appears in the next issue of this publication.

The Curse of the Sea-Bitch



EROTIC NAUTICAL FICTION by ED E. HASKELL

The great floating foam of the flotsam was cut in two by the bow of the great frigate *Nathaniel Little*, as it charged onwards to Porto Domenico, and all of the pleasures of shore. The deckhands pulled jib and stayed the masts with increased vigor as the land mass became visible on the horizon, as though their increased activities would hasten the ship's arrival.

Captain Peter Ladd stood at the very front of the foredeck and admired the dolphins which dodged playfully to and fro beneath the bowsprit. He had seen their porpoise race at the end of a thousand voyages, and perhaps that is why it always filled him with such relief and inner joy — to see them swim meant he had led his men through the clutching hands of fate, weather, and warfare, beating the heavy odds yet again. He smiled to think of the purse he would be rewarded that afternoon, and of all the women and wine upon which he would spend it. Yes, Captain Ladd made no apologies for it: his appetite for the company of women was insatiable. Once he stepped onto the deck of the *Nathaniel Little*, he was all ice and orders, and all his men, though they knew of his carousing ways, and often enjoyed the company of the many women he charmed into his bawdy, bustling *cabinets particulier*, never treated him as anything other than the cool, distant, commanding officer of the ship. In a way, his freedom and peerage among them while on shore cemented their respect for him as a man. Most, if not all, officers put up a staunch curtain of class between themselves and their men; he did not, and thus they legitimately respected his hard-earned merits and rank, and regarded him as a brother who had done well and deserved every stripe on his shoulder.

All the cleats and moorings drawn tight and the valuable cargo unladed and tallied, Captain Ladd headed to the port bursar to collect his considerable cheque. The bursar, a stooped, stringy-haired, squinting ledger-keeper named Bryce, knew Ladd's habits well and had a bit of fun with the visibly loosening Captain.

"And where will you be spending your evening, sir?" he asked Ladd.

Ladd knew that the man aimed to fish out the location of the free-flowing wine and spun-headed women, and jokingly gave him the address of a shop where a blacksmith had recently been bludgeoned to death.

"...and I'll see you there at six-thirty?" continued Ladd.

"You may count on my attendance," smiled the little man, who would no doubt spend the evening hovering over a simmering pot of fish bones and carrots, trying to coax every last grain of nutrition into his thin broth. A far cry from the antics Ladd would get up to that evening.

Ladd's first stop after the bursar was to cash his cheque out into a strategic assortment of bills, large and small and all available sizes in between, for, as he believed, there was fun to be had at any price. That done, by a round-cheeked, buxom, giddy young teller who knew his reputation and habits well—and had today for the first time been invited to his dinnertime revelries—he made off down a nearby darkened close that bore no name.

Through a door like any other and down a narrow lane of dim, stained, pillow-floored booths, each filled with peculiar contortions of despair and opium bliss, did he stride, until the rear podium, where he was met by an unnamed Oriental whose braided queue was interlaced with a long strand of lavender. The host smoothly produced a wax-paper sachet from nowhere for Ladd, who laid his bills down on the tray before tucking the parcel into his inner breast pocket. He left without a word, and the Oriental made no show of appreciation.

Down the Rue Clerevent he went next, to the *Almanach des Gourmands*, before their dinnertime service, to arrange his private chambers for the evening and make the necessary deposit — typically the full value of all things in the room, allowing for fire damage to the walls, replacement of the carpet, and injuries to the staff. Mr. Flaneur was happy to see him, as news of his arrival would spread like wildfire and his restaurant would be packed for the evening as all who could afford his menus would sit and crane their heads and order extra oysters while hoping to catch a glimpse of Ladd's guests running this way or that from the cabinet, a blouse torn, a bouncing breast bared, lipstick smeared, chased by a man with fire in his eyes...

...read the full details of Captain Peter Ladd's evening in
the next edition of this publication!



PLAYLIST: He Died In The 1930s / Green Onion Soap / Cadillac With Shtreimel Wheels / The Island That Didn't Matter / Ten Ton Tom / You Haven't Got Mother / Destruction Waltz / It Was Quiet When I Remembered Happiness / Nation Nutrition / The Handshake That Canceled The Planet / Bodie

concert review

Saturday July 29 2006

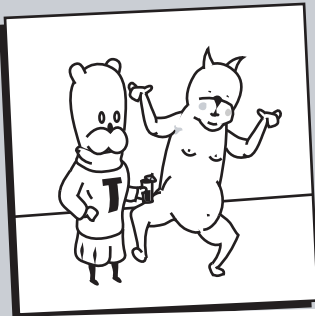
The Smoke, Achewood

Nice this is the 249th Tenmen show I have ever gone to see and dang but do I continue to marvel at so many fingers hitting so many correct places for so many nights, never hitting a wrong note. A lot of people will forgive a stage artist for hitting a wrong note but as a Tenmen fan you never need to worry about this contingency. It is almost as though the Tenmen forgive YOU for being so crass and low as to just stand around imperfectly and not create the intense, flawless wall of sound they build night after night, show after show. This evening was particularly good because none of the players moved any of their feet the entire time, they were rooted where they stood and I kept watching for some steps but no dice. This was a masterful show. EEH

OH CRUD DEPT.: I got a high school reunion comin' up.

EEH

COMMUNITY GRUT BOARD



MEXICAN MAGICAL REALISM
CAMERA -- those were good times

COCKTAIL The Derring-Do

This is just five shots of rye. It comes from the twenties, when plane pilots would only agree to get in planes and fly them around if stone drunk. I mean how else would you get some guy to fly a plane when a plane was the big high-speed equivalent of Pets.com.

APPROVED BY EXPERIMENTAL TEST DRINKER LYLE G.

YOUR EROTIC HOROSCOPE

Aries

Look out this month as Sagittarius always wants to get you in the bed. He will run you around the couch and the dinner table and laugh and it will be pretty fun times but be warned in case you wanted to get any reading done this week. Your man has fun on his mind.

Pisces

Dog bites ruin this week for you. Not dog bites on your own body, but dog bites in the news, ones that hurt children and innocent walkers. When you try to get into a sexy mood, you picture lives horribly changed by either wholesale mauling or small but well-placed nips, like on the tender skin beneath the eye.

Aquarius

This should be a pretty good month for you. Success at work coupled with a few extra pounds lost at the gym equals happiness. You even learn a few new recipes (turkey sausage sandwich with onions; cauliflower).

Gemini

A dumb fender bender around 10am on Thursday leaves you wondering if you hurt anyone's neck. They acted fine at the scene, but one of them made that one comment about their neck feeling stiff. It's all you can think about. You wish that they had not said that so carelessly, knowing the effect it would have on you.

OTHER SIGNS

Nothing is happening with the other signs this week. Real, real quiet. Not even like a stubbed toe at the grocery store, not even seeing a guy peel out.